



SEX IN ACTION: the magic lens of Yulsman...

THE DUDE

The magazine devoted to pleasure

JAN.
50c



Editor's Choice: "Gentlemen, Be Sated!"

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Dad thought so back in the 'twenties.
But the modern man has different
tastes and this magazine is grooved
to today's and tomorrow's tastes.
Memo: Pacemakers are never passé.
And Dude readers are Pacemakers!

Beach Ball



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI/GRAPHIC HOUSE

Not every beach ball, as your own experience at the shore would indicate, is completely spherical and made of rubber. San Francisco's North Beach, which, like any thriving community, has its balls and parties and banquets, also has its Charlotta . . . surnamed Ball.

Since she originated in this area, the home of ZEN (west), and the mecca of the great unwashed, you might call Charlotta a "beat" Ball. But she is removed from that extreme a thousand times.



Charlotta is the very antithesis of "beat." She's alive, she's vibrant, she moves, and her senses are too young and alert to have been dulled by the bad poetry and worse habits of the tired generation.

Red-haired and blue-eyed, lithe and perky as a mynah bird, Charlotta moves with the feline grace of a jaguar. But don't expect the inevitable comparisons with the king of sport cars. Charlotta is non-







mechanized. She doesn't like gas fumes and boiling radiators, but prefers instead the fresh outdoors, where a good long swim helps strengthen her perky pectorals; or a bouncy canter *a cheval* through the wooded areas north of San Francisco.

The only indoor area Charlotta finds appealing, in fact, is the front part of a theater; the stage, to be precise. Only twenty-one at this writing, she's deep in Ibsen, Strindberg and Stanislavsky, hoping to have a solid foundation for her later flirtations with her favorite deity, Thespis.

She shouldn't find the going too rough.





Her prettiness is not picture pretty; it has line and character. Her eyes have long been able to emote with the power of a Lady Macbeth. The training of the tongue will follow as inevitably, in one of her favorite phrases, as the day the night.

The lucky audience that catches Charlotta on her first night is bound to have a Ball!

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER GOWLAND/GLOBE



Combining looks and books, intelligence and glamour, is occasionally the best way to land, heads up, in the . . .

GROVES OF ACADEME

Scratch a beautiful woman (before she can scratch you), and you'll find (assuming her beauty is more than skin deep) a whirlpool of desire. Not desire in the ordinary sense, but an oft-forgotten, rarely mentioned craving to be complimented,

frequently and eloquently, originally and felicitously.

Bobbie Naylor, whose beauty goes much deeper than the surface — a healthy five and a half feet high, to be precise — is no exception to this rule.

Take, for example, the time



she went to a large midwestern university. But first understand the background. In any sizable school there will be scads of beautiful women, some of them just occupying space until they can qualify for their M.R.S. degrees, others as worthy of the degrees they earn as their male peers.

Certain departments, it is well known, attract more pretty members of the distaff side than others. There's never a shortage of attractive girls in Home Eco. or Psychology, English or Sociology, for example.

Bobbie carefully eschewed these typically feminine departments when she went to school and majored instead in, of all things, Linguistics!

This is one of the toughest courses in the world, for the study of the theory of languages requires as a prerequisite the knowledge of many languages.

Bobbie reads fluently in Gothic, Provencal, Greek, French and German.





The number of females who can make such a claim is minuscule. The number of such claimants who can hold a candle to Miss Naylor in the looks department is even more rare.

Now that Bobbie has left the cloistered Groves of Academe

and become a dancer in Los Angeles, she is back at school doing post graduate work, in what?

Linguistics? No, indeed. She feels that's become too easy. She's taken on a new hobby and a new study . . . Egyptology!

*"Does he
or
doesn't
he?"*



"Be Sociable..."

